

Troping the Asylum

tunic, and with his wonted refrain and the last puff of smoke, he went out of the school.

Exit the sexton.

A profound silence now reigned in that chamber of death, when every part of my body, seized by the force of affinity, moved towards those which had been its neighbors during life, and in a short time I felt myself re-made.

Mental Health stirs on the table.

In a short time I felt myself re-made; the edges of the wounds of the heart were united; it commenced to beat, and the blood again flowed through the most distant windings of the vessels. As if awaking from a fearful dream, I raised my head and looked around, and hearing no sound I arose from that dread repository and proceeded to the door.

Mental Health rises, walks over to the "SPARE PARTS" box and peers inside. Mental Health touches the relevant parts of her body as Divine Madness talks.

I was naked, and I must cover myself with something; it would have made a devil of a row, and they would have shut me up again in the asylum if I had gone out in that state; and yet those young fellows had seen and examined me from head to feet; so I took down from its peg your black gown and put it on me; I put a white covering on my head, and then I went forth from that place which I shall never be able to forget.